Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

J. H. Vincent, Editor. [Vol. II, No. 24.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 13, 1886. [Whole No. 50.] Phillips & Hunt, Publishers.

A PRAYER FOR YOUTH.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, D.D.

I.

GREAT God of wisdom, knowledge, truth,
Thy blessing pour on all our youth;
Our sons and daughters crown with grace
To walk in light before thy face!

II.

Like infant Samuel may they hear
God's voice, with reverent love and fear;
And choose, like David's son of old,
God's wisdom, more than power or gold.

III.

May they, like Israel's captive maid,
To own God's name be ne'er afraid:
But tell the wonders of thy hands
In Christian homes, or heathen lands.

IV.

Thy word, like Timothy, may they
From earliest years revere, obey;
And rise, from childhood pure and bright,
To toil for God in manhood's might.

V.

God of our sires, our mother's God,
O guide our sons the path they trod,
Till endless generations praise
Our God—one song through endless days!

THE GOOD-NIGHT LULLABY.

BY A. T. CURTIS.

"O PAPA, please tell us a story to-night," said little Bertha Hoffman, as she seated herself upon her father's lap, while Carl and Minna placed themselves as close as possible upon either side.

"A story?" said Mr. Hoffman. "What shall it be about?"

"We want a true story," cried Minna; "we like those best."

"Papa, you have promised to tell us about that little old violin that you showed us once and told us was so dear to you and grandpa. Please tell us about it to-night," said quiet, thoughtful Carl.

"Yes, do, papa, please," chimed in Minna and Bertha.

"Well, my dears," said Mr. Hoffman, "I will tell you about my old violin, but it will be a sad story in some respects.

"Many years ago, one dreary November evening, a sorrowful little family gathered around just such a bright, glowing fire as this. The father and mother, who were both young, tried to forget their sorrow in listening to the childish prattle of their darling boy, who little knew or realized that the next day his father must leave his home and sail across the great ocean to Germany. This young father was a professional musician, and belonged to a company that was going abroad upon a concert tour."

"Why, I believe that was Grandpa Hoffman, wasn't it, papa?" asked Carl.

"Yes, my son, and I was then a little boy about three years old. I can just remember that last evening together, and how after a time my mother said that it was time for me to go to bed, and I took my little violin and played a simple little air that my father had taught me. While I played it I can remember how the tears rolled down my father's face, and my mother sobbed so that I became frightened and crept into her lap to comfort her. Next day my father went away, and we were left in the care of friends. After a few months my mother received a letter from her aunt asking her to come to her, as she was very ill and wished to have her only living relative with her. So we went to Newton, a little village situated on the bank of a river which was tributary to the Ohio, emptying into that stream about a mile from the village. Aunt Van Horn was not dangerously ill, but very weak and confined to her bed.

"The next day after our arrival a hard rain set in, and as Aunt Van Horn's cottage was very near the bank I amused myself by watching the swollen, muddy river as it flowed rapidly toward the Ohio. That evening the roar of the rising stream so frightened me that I could not go to sleep until my mother took me upon her lap and talked to me about my father who was away across the great ocean which roared many times louder than this small river. Then I played my 'Good-night Lullaby' as was my habit every night, and my mother rocked me to sleep in her arms, and then took me up stairs to my own little bed.

"By and by I was awakened by a terrific shock and a loud cracking noise. I called to my mother, but there was no response. Again and again I shouted to her, but I could hear nothing but the rush of water and the howling of the wind. I felt the house moving up and down as I had once before when my father took me out in a boat. Never shall I forget that night's terror. Why, children, just imagine waking up in the night and feeling yourself borne along by a swelling torrent, your bed rocking from side to side, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane, and realizing in addition to these other terrors that you are all alone in the fearful darkness.

"Hugging my violin in my arms—for I felt that it was my only friend, I cried myself to sleep—and knew nothing more until I was awakened in the morning by the sound of voices. When I opened my eyes I saw two strange but kind faces bending over me, and before I was fairly awake I was lifted up by strong arms and carried out through an open window into a boat. What a strange scene then met my eyes! All around me was an angry foaming stream which had spread far beyond its banks and looked like a large lake except that it was moving so swiftly. Large, uprooted trees, windows, doors, bits of furniture, were all whirling along, while there stood Aunt Van Horn's cottage which had been borne down the small stream and out into the broad Ohio. I began to call for my mother, but the men, who had searched the house in vain for any other occupant, tried to quiet me, and one of them handed me my violin, which was all that was left to me of my own home and friends."

"O, papa, was your mother drowned?" cried little Bertha.

"Yes, darling; my poor mother and Aunt Van Horn were swept away when the house was torn from its foundations, while I, being in the upper part, was saved almost miraculously;

for not long after our boat reached the shore the cottage, shattered by the terrific violence of the current, finally succumbed and fell into the water to add to the already large amount of floating debris. On reaching the shore a sympathetic crowd gathered about me, and all tried to comfort me, for I was heart-broken at not seeing my mother, and frightened by the sight of so many strange faces.

"All their questions as to who I was and where I lived I was unable to answer intelligently, partly from fright and bewilderment and partly because I could not speak English intelligibly, for I had been taught German only, as my father and mother wished it to be my native tongue, as it was theirs. Besides, I was quite backward about learning to talk plainly; consequently very little information was gained from me concerning myself or my home.

"At length a kind-hearted gentleman took me to his hotel and put me in charge of his wife, who cared for me as tenderly as a mother. This gentleman, Mr. Greyson, happened to be in that town upon business, and delayed his return to a distant State until it seemed certain that all their efforts to discover my friends were fruitless. Then I was taken to their home and—"

"Why they were Grandpa Greyson and grandma, weren't they?" said Minna.

"Yes, dear; I have often told you about my pleasant home, my dogs and pet pony, so I will not stop to tell you about that part of my life. You have also heard how Grandpa Greyson lost most of his property just before his sudden death. Grandma and I were left alone when I was a lad of sixteen, and our income was so limited that it was necessary for me to give up my studies and with them my bright dreams of some day becoming a great musician. I inherited my father's musical tastes—and the best of teachers had been procured for me. It was indeed a bitter trial for me to give up my beloved music and seek a clerkship, and I became greatly disheartened when all my attempts to secure a situation were unsuccessful.

"One evening when I arrived at our now very modest home I found Professor Vail, one of my former teachers, engaged in earnest conversation with my mother, as I always called Mrs. Greyson. Greeting me kindly, he explained that he had come to ask a favor of me, which might also redound to my advantage.

"'With the assistance of my advanced pupils,' said he, 'I give a musicale at the residence of Mr. Gage, where there will be present many of our best musical critics, as well as the celebrated violinist, Mr. Hoffman, who is now a guest at Mr. Gage's. The pupil upon whose assistance I rely most has been taken ill very suddenly, and I have come to ask you to supply his place, giving any selection that you can perform most creditably.'

"I was astounded at the proposition, but after further conversation it was decided that I should make the attempt. Hastily selecting a certain piece, I tuned my violin and rehearsed it several times, to Professor Vail's satisfaction. He soon took his departure, after expressing many hearty wishes for my success in this my first appearance in public. I was naturally very nervous and apprehensive of failure in this first attempt, but tried to cheer myself with the thought that I might by this means attract favorable notice and be enabled to obtain a position in some orchestra and so turn my music to account. So I dressed carefully, and, violin in hand, bade mother good-bye, telling her that I was going to seek my fortune.

"I was young and hopeful, and bright visions of the good fortune that might come of this evening's venture filled my mind.

"Arriving at the elegant mansion of Mr. Gage, and finding myself among so many strangers, I began to lose confidence. I gave little attention to the other performers, but sat awaiting my turn with fear and trembling. At length it came, and Professor Vail stated to the audience the circumstances attending my appearance. I arose trembling with embarrassment and faced my first audience. I tuned my violin and tried to begin, but could not recall a single note. I always committed my music to memory, which had never before proved treacherous. Children, I cannot describe the feelings of that moment. Instead of the brilliant success I had hoped to achieve I was about to disgrace myself and overwhelm my teacher with mortification. I had always been taught to pray, and to feel that the Infinite Father is ever ready to listen to the humblest petition, so my heart turned to him in this moment of need, and as if in response to that wordless prayer my bow began to seek the strings, drawing out their gentlest harmonies, but not those of the difficult piece I had chosen; for almost insensibly I played the sweet little melody that my father had taught me. I had never forgetten it, for it was inseparably connected with all my early memories of my own father and mother.

"These recollections were dim, but this little tune as well as my belief that my father still lived served to deepen them, so that I lingered over these faint memories daily. Whenever I played this little lullaby my heart went back to those early days, and I tried to recall my mother's tender, loving face and my father's smiles of approval when my childish endeavors to wield the bow proved successful.

"Standing before that crowd of unfamiliar faces that little melody brought back the spell of childish recollections and charmed me into forgetfulness of my strange surroundings. Into that simple refrain I wove new harmonies, and varied it with a skill that must have been born of inspiration as I poured forth all the longings of my heart. At length, exhausted by my own intense emotion, I paused, when suddenly an elderly man stood before me, and with a trembling voice said,

"'Tell me quickly, where did you learn that air?'

"'My father taught me to play it when I was a child,' said I.

"'Where is your father?' said the stranger, eagerly.

"'I do not know—I have not seen him since I was a little child, when he left my mother and me and went to Europe.'

"'My own boy, my Carl!' cried he, joyfully. 'It must be so, for that is the same little melody that I taught my little Carl years ago, and it has never been published.'

"Clasping me in his arms while he wept for joy, he begged me to tell him all that I remembered of myself. So I told him all that I could recall, and he related briefly how the sad news of my mother's death reached him, and he was led to believe that all the inmates of the ill-fated cottage perished in the flood. After these brief explanations had been given, and we had received the hearty congratulation of the sympathizing guests, my father, who was none other than the celebrated violinist, Professor Hoffman, and I took our departure and hastened to my home.

"You may be certain that Mother Greyson was amazed when I burst into the parlor exclaiming, 'I have found my father! He's right here!' and leaving him to further explain matters I ran to my room, got my little old violin, and returned with it to the parlor. When my father saw it he wept bitterly, for it brought so vividly to his mind his old home, his precious wife, and baby boy. Then in a voice trembling with emotion he told us about his long illness that followed the news of my mother's death, and how returning health and strength only served to make his loss more terrible, for he had no little family waiting for his return to enjoy with him the rewards of his toil. His music then became his only solace, and to it he devoted every energy. During all these years he had dreaded to return to America, little thinking that it contained his only son, and never dreaming that the joy of meeting him was in store for him.

"Now, children, I have finished the story of the old violin."

"Papa, have we ever heard that tune?" inquired Carl.

"No, my son; but you shall hear it some time. You must ask grandpa to play it to you. It is his most celebrated composition, but the world does not guess its secret history nor the powerful charm it has for us who owe so much to it."

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawks and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore,
And in the roads no grasses grow
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the village lies asleep,
Never again to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing longs to go
Up to that house from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild
Whither have vanished wife and child;
And heareth, praying, this answer fall—
"Patience! that village shall hold you all."

—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

THE OLD CANAL PACKET.

BY THE EDITOR.

The days of the old-fashioned "packet-boat" have long since been numbered. It yielded more readily than the stage-coach to the advanced method of locomotion which the new civilization introduced. Canals were more expensive than turnpikes, and falling "out of repair" were more troublesome. A four-horse team will make a Concord coach "go" whether the road be in good order or bad. Ruts and rain-holes may make rough traveling for the passenger, but what cares a company for that, so long as the passenger gets over the route somehow, and a dividend is paid annually to the stock-holder in spite of the hard words of the jolted tourist?

But when a canal gets out of order, the bottom drops out of every thing, the water goes, the boat stops—and so do passengers and dividend. The time of the best packet-boats was slower than that of the coach, and in this age of haste there is no chance for the easy, noiseless, steady, five-miles-an-hour gait of a boat pulled by three horses, and likely to be detained somewhere on the route by a jam in lock or basin, a freshet in some river to be crossed, or a break in the canal itself, which, of course, puts a stop to every thing. The American canal-boat is therefore a mere memory, but, after all, a pleasant memory to those of us who in boyhood availed ourselves of this then popular, fashionable, and, on the whole, agreeable mode of travel.

This "ship of the lock" was about the length of the average freight canal-boat of these days, somewhat higher, a little narrower perhaps, and the bow sharper. Above the main deck rose in the center a narrow second deck, the sides of which were provided with windows for the ventilation of the cabin below. The sides of the packet-boat seemed to be almost made of windows, supplied with green blinds, which formed a pleasing contrast with the clean and shining whiteness of the boat itself. Below deck were kitchen, baggage-hold, officers' quarters, and a capacious cabin, which was richly upholstered, and in the evening brilliantly lighted. Three or four small, square, crimson-covered tables, on which books and flowers were placed, stood in the center. Three times a day they were extended into one long table for the serving of really sumptuous meals, with china and silver service and linen table-cloths, rich, heavy, and snow-white.

Along the sides of the cabin ran comfortable cushioned seats, which at night were turned into berths—a series of upper berths being ingeniously provided from sundry hitherto concealed mechanical contrivances of hinges, hooks, bars, slats, and mattresses. The canal packet was a quiet place to sleep in—sometimes, to be sure, very hot and ill-ventilated, and sometimes mosquitoes sung there, and other intruders (who seemed at home) did more than sing; but these charges may be brought against hotels and Pullman sleepers under our present civilization. But, after all, how quiet the long, narrow, curtained, dimly-lighted hall was, between eleven o'clock at night and five in the morning! No motion perceptible, no rocking, no pitching. Now and then, perhaps, we were startled by a too sudden jamming against a dock; a scraping against freight or packet-boat we met or passed; the too loud calls and interchange of greetings among the boatmen; the blast of the horn which announced our approach to some village or post-office dock; or the stentorian snore of an unfortunate traveler who happened to lie on his back, and whom for a time more than one disturbed passenger wanted to pitch into the canal. A good place after all for sleeping on an early spring or an early autumn night was the cabin of an old-time canal packet!

But my space fails me before my memory. I can only hint at the jolly hours of the evening after supper, in the bright cabin below, or on the deck above. How we dodged and bowed under the shadow of the "low bridge," announcement of which had been each time twice made by the man at the bow and the man at the rudder! How we watched the distorted reflections of the stars in the troubled waters, and judged by the swell, and by the breakers on the shore, that we were "making time!" How we bent over at the bow to see the white spray that leaped from our pushing prow, and heard the driver on the tow-path beyond, out of our sight in the darkness, crack his whip and command his horses! Then came the stretching of the line and the quickened pace of busy hoofs sounding out through the night.

What gallants and what autocrats were the canal packet captains of those days! An Atlantic steam-ship admiral of to-day is not to be mentioned in the same hour.

On some journeys, as from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, or from New York to Buffalo, several days were spent by passengers on these packets. There was ample time for reading, for writing, for talking, for coquetry, for debate, and for sleep. And while old packet tourists do not wish the boats back again, no one regrets the experiences which make the memory of them a source of present pleasure.

The seed must die before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.
Low lie the ears before the sickle lain,
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed before the bread is made,
And the bread broke ere life to man conveyed.
O, be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed and to be broken so,
If thou upon God's table may'st be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an hungeréd.

—*Archbishop Trench.*

THE SECRET OF IT.

HAS she the Fountain of Youth?
Nay, her hair is white to-day.
But she *is* the Fountain of Youth;
Know her and love her, in sooth,
And your own will never turn gray.
—*Alice W. Rollins, in Outing.*

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MANICE all this time had been as anxious as only a mother can be. She heard, from other sources, of Miss Blythe's engagement just about the time that Jack did, and trembled for her boy, while she thanked God, who had taken away the temptation Jack might not have been able to bear. But her boy did not forget his mother; he found a chance to spend Sunday at home, and once more with his head on his mother's knee and his hand in hers he told her all that he had passed through, not without a breaking voice and wet eyes, for though Jack was a man the child-heart beat in him yet toward his mother, and he was not afraid to express the grief she both understood and consoled.

Mimy, with her usual keenness, perceived that there had been some sort of crisis in Jack's affairs, and with unusual discretion forbore to comment on it; but she made her sympathy known in her own fashion. Every dish Jack especially enjoyed figured on the table that Sunday, the heavy rain that fell all day excusing Mimy to herself for staying from church.

"For ye know, Mis' Manice, I never do go out in the rain these latter days on account of the rheumatiz, and I feel best over the stove; so I set some buckwheats last night, and there's them clam fritters he always did favor, and he's the beateree for baked hash, and b'iled eggs go real good with hash, it really needs 'em; them coddled apples was cooked a'ready, and Miss Jones sent in a mug o' cream for them. An' bein' the fire done my achin' back such a sight o' good I thought I'd keep pretty close to't, and roast that leg o' veal for dinner. The fatted calf, ye know, though he aint no prodigal to be sure, but he's come home, so I'll jest stir up a cottage puddin', and clap two of them fresh pies into the oven to crisp up, and there's the Ludlow cheese. Well! fact is, Mis' Manice, I set by him like every thing, and I ha'n't got no other way for to show it." With which Mimy clapped her check apron to her eyes and bolted out of the room, leaving Manice in a very rainbow of tears and smiles, both of them involuntary and heart-felt.

Jack did his best to enjoy Mimy's entertainment, but he felt something like a child that has cried itself to sleep, and woke up happy but languid.

He went back Monday morning, Manice longing to go with him, but comforting herself with the prayer that could follow him wherever he went, and staying her soul on the Father who had so guided and kept her boy, to whom an earthly father's care was denied.

Manice felt Jack's disappointment more keenly because she knew how great was his need of a home. She would have moved into the city herself but for her daughters, who needed her care and her house even more than Jack did; but she had always hoped that he would marry, as most young men do, and have a home of his own as a man should.

It is true she was fervently grateful that he had escaped the misery that a marriage with Jessie Blythe would have brought him. The old proverb says, "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," and half the marriages among young people justify the proverb. Manice had seen enough of life to know this. Indeed, her own experience had proved it; an orphan, and an only child, she had met Walter Boyd and loved him, without counsel or reflection, and dearly had she paid for her rashness during their life together. She had lost the love with which that life began, and the respect it should have brought with it. Endurance and patience took their places, and she prayed with all her soul that Jack might not be so shipwrecked. So far her prayer had been answered, as prayers are sometimes answered, to her end, but not in her way.

Now she was still more strongly tied to Danvers, for Mr. John Boyd had become such an invalid as to require constant care. He could not leave the house at all, and his mind being weakened as well as his body, he clung to Manice like a child.

Will had gone into the city and become a partner in a broker's business, his whole life absorbed in making and saving money. Manice was always obliged to write once or twice for his payment of Mr. Boyd's board, for it was never punctually sent. Disagreeable as this was to her, and willingly as she would have kept her husband's only brother as a guest, she kept Will up to this duty as a matter of principle.

Jack and Will had no mutual friends or interests, so they rarely met in the city, and it was not a great surprise to any of Will's relatives when they heard he was about to marry a widow, much older than himself, with no charm but a million of dollars all her own, and an unaccountable infatuation for Will Boyd.

None of the Boyds were asked to the wedding. Mimy's comment was,

"Well, folks don't usually ask their kin to see 'em hanged. I'm proper glad he's got enough sense left to be ashamed on't. If I was a-goin' to sell myself 'twouldn't be at auction. I'd be consider'ble private about it, now I tell ye! And I'd hev it done by a justice o' peace, too. I wouldn't have the Lord's name took in vain over sech an ungodly piece o' work. But there's one solid comfort, an' that is he'll get his pay. I've lived in this world quite a spell, and seen quite a little o' the way things work; some buyin' an' sellin' is all fair and shipshape, 'n' you get as good as you give; but I never yet see man nor woman that married for money but what got cheated o' their bargain. Seems as though the Lord said to 'em the same as Peter said to Simon, 'Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be bought with money,' for Scripter says elsewheres that a good wife is from the Lord."

And Mimy's keen eyes saw truly. Will's wife soon found out why he married her—it does not take a woman long to make that discovery—and though she could not entirely alienate her property from him by will, she kept a tight hold over her income, spent as little of it as possible, and invested all she could save in the name of her sister, who had married a poor minister and gone West.

Some years after Mrs. Will Boyd's marriage she suddenly died, and the hard-working, patient Mrs. Brown, living in a log-hut in Wyoming Territory, worn-out with the labors of a missionary's wife, was astonished out of all belief by hearing from her sister's lawyer that all Mrs. Boyd's property, except the share assured by law to Mr. Boyd for his life, had been left to her; and also that he held the certificates of very heavy investments in Mrs. Brown's name.

So Will was left sorely disappointed, with memories of a loveless, childless home, and a total failure in the intention of his marriage.

Soon after Jack went back to his work in the city he was struck one night at prayer-meeting with the sweetness and fervor of a voice behind him singing that beautiful old hymn,

"Know, my soul, thy full salvation,"

a hymn whose words are as strong, calm, and fervent as the contralto voice that bore them upward.

Jack held his curiosity in check till the meeting was over,

* Copyright, 1886, by PHILLIPS & HUNT.

and then contrived to see, without any rude or inquisitive staring, that there was only one young woman in the seat back of his.

She was a plainly dressed girl, with a dark, sweet, tranquil face; full of feminine strength in the quiet lips and square dimpled chin. Her eyes were dark and steady, no wondering glance shot from them among the crowd; her black hair waved naturally, but was drawn back from her brow in becoming but unfashionable simplicity, neither "banged" nor frizzed; and her whole expression was that of content, sweetness, and repose. It was a face good to look at, restful, tender, and strong. Jack wished he might see it again, but yet not so strongly that he took any steps to find out who she was, though that countenance returned over and over to his thoughts.

The next week, however, there was some misunderstanding or mistake about a check sent in with the deposit of a great dry-goods firm in the city, and Mr. Gray asked Jack to step down after bank hours and set the matter right.

On entering the store he was directed to the cashier of the wholesale department, and a cash-boy was sent to show him the way.

"There she is!" snapped the urchin, pointing his thumb over his shoulder at a railed inclosure with a high desk, and shouting at the top of his squeaky little voice, "Miss Carter!"

The lady at the desk raised her head.

There she was, indeed! and in a fuller sense than Jack knew.

It was the young lady who sat behind him in the prayer-meeting. She bowed, as if to a stranger, but there was an expression of recognition in her eyes. Jack introduced himself, and entered at once on his business.

Ruth Carter had a clear head and a thorough knowledge of her work, so the mistake—which was not hers, but made by one of the firm—was soon righted. Her words were few, and to the purpose, and when the matter in hand was adjusted she bowed and returned to her desk.

Jack recognized at once the lady who knew her position, and the trained book-keeper who had neither wish nor time for conversation with a stranger.

Jack felt a little "snubbed," nevertheless. That is the word he used to himself, for he would have liked to make acquaintance with this young lady. He had not the least idea of falling in love with her. There was no such witchery about her as environed Jessie Blythe, whose remembered loveliness and fascination still cost him a pang now and then in memory. This girl, he thought, would be a good comrade, a good friend. She was no beauty or belle; probably she went into no society, certainly not into that where Miss Blythe moved.

Jack sighed a little. He needed companionship much. But there seemed no way of making a friend of Miss Carter. He had not an idea where she lived.

A month after this, one warm June Sunday, the class next his own had a new teacher—the regular teacher being absent for the week. Jack felt like echoing the squeaky cash-boy, "There she is!" as the owner of that little white-ribboned bonnet turned her head and showed the face of Ruth Carter.

Never had Jack seen that class of boys so interested, so eager about their lesson; and as now and then he caught a glimpse of the teacher he saw how the dark face glowed with feeling, the eyes shone, the full red lips smiled, losing their firm expression in one of radiant sweetness; and when the school took up their singing-books he heard again that rich, pure voice join in the closing hymn.

When they reached the door they found large drops of rain spotting the stones, and a thunder-shower coming up rapidly.

Jack had expected this from the sultry heat of the day, and had been prudent enough to bring with him an umbrella. How glad he was! He stepped up to Miss Carter, whose pretty white bonnet and delicate muslin dress made her hesitate to face the shower, and offered to see her home.

"I think you will remember seeing me before," he said. "I am the teller of —— Bank, and came to Holmes & Hallam's to see you about that check of Stuart Holmes's. My name is John Boyd."

"O yes, I remember; I shall be very much obliged," and with the simple cordiality of a well-bred girl she put her hand on Mr. Boyd's offered arm and came under the shelter of his umbrella.

He found that she lived six squares from the church, in the third story of a small house of flat tenements. The storm was still so violent that Jack did not hesitate to accept her invitation to walk in and wait till it abated, given as she opened the door into a little parlor where a delicate elderly lady sat, evidently anxious about her daughter, and glad to find she had been protected from the rain.

"I am glad, too, that I happened to be there with an umbrella," said Jack, in answer to her acknowledgments.

"I don't believe in 'happenings,'" said Mrs. Carter, smiling; "but it was a good thing you were so prudent, Mr. Boyd. Ruth would not have liked to be out in such a rain in her thin dress with no protection. My dear, go and change it at once; it must at least be damp. Mr. Boyd will excuse you."

Jack noted the instant obedience with pleased surprise. Ruth Carter was certainly twenty at least; she was no longer a child, but yet she was "obedient unto her mother, even as her Master was."

[*To be continued.*]

LOST.

Who's seen my day?
'Tis gone away,
Nor left a trace
In any place.
If I could only find
Its foot-fall in some mind—
Some spirit-waters stirred
By wand of deed or word—
I should not stand at shadowy eve,
And for my day so grieve and grieve.

—*Emma Burt.*

HOBBY PARTIES.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

HALF the thinking men and women in the world seem to have a hobby—some subject touching human welfare, upon whose importance they have dwelt until they are possessed by the impulse to talk it out. The misfortune is that the other half of the world generally does not care to listen. Least of all does any man who has a hobby care to hear much about that of any other man.

It was a unique idea, then, and worthy of the woman whose fertile brain originated it, to make hobbies a feature of social evening gatherings, and especially of gatherings of young people.

After all—so reasoned this feminine founder of hobby parties—the aim of all social life is not the nurture of self-conceit. We do not wish our daughters to feel it important that they make themselves look pretty in order to impress other people with their prettiness, or to feel that they have what is called "a good time" only in proportion as they have a gratification of vanity. We find that in just the measure that the object of an evening party is to enjoy one's self the fun refuses to come. The miserable occasions are generally those where the special object is to be happy, and the miserable people those who make tasks of their "good time." My idea is that any thing that brings into healthful activity the natural powers, arouses the young folks and sets them talking easily and naturally, is sure to open for them a delightful evening.

The graver topic with which it begins may perhaps drop to the gay; but if it does the fun and fancy have had at least an undercurrent of fact and reality, the influence of which remains after the sparkle and foam have passed away.

It may even be easy to drop into personal trivialities or society gossip from a higher type of conversation, but it is almost impossible to rise to a higher, if in that lower level an evening is once begun.

Further, since the topics relating to general welfare are invariably worthy of conversation, and are only unacceptable to youth because of their seriousness, or because of conscious ignorance, there can be no more captivating way to bring them to notice than to make them a feature of social intercourse.

To do this successfully requires a spirit of hospitality to other people's interior views and convictions as well as to their outward presence. It requires also tact and the mother-wit that knows how to detect and to take advantage of the possibilities of social occasions. That hobby parties can be made a success has been proven by more than one evening, whose pleasures far surpassed those of the card-table and the dance.

In the case mentioned below the conditions were favorable. The old stone-house, to which, even in winter, the withered vine-leaves cling as if reluctant to depart, is warm and home-like and hospitable from the wide vestibule through to veranda and lawn. Open wood-fires crackle a welcome; easy-chairs invite to repose; sunshine, without stint and without fear of fading carpets or curtains, enters every room.

There are pictures, too, that seem to have been always upon the walls, so at home are they, and in such harmony with their surroundings. And books—books every-where—not in stiff, touch-me-not rows on library shelves, but overflowing upon tables and mantels and chairs; books that look as if they were familiar friends lived with and studied and loved.

Such a home, open to whatever enlarges or sweetens human existence, was sure to be hospitable to hobbies which, so long as they meant good to humanity, were sure of liberal and loving consideration and unprejudiced recognition of all that was best in their theories and most feasible in practice.

In this home were young people, intelligent, eager, appreciative of all social pleasures, as well as of wiser, nobler things, and to them the hobby parties were what the English call "no end of fun." The invitations included the young as well as the older friends of the home circle. From six to eight o'clock in the evening the long tea-table was spread in the dining-room, not with the collation, or so-called "entertainment," of an evening party, but with the old-fashioned family tea. Into this room came all who arrived from a distance, and others who chose to be early, gathering at the table in groups of two, three, or a half-dozen, as they chanced to come. A few oysters, a sandwich, a bit of cold meat, a biscuit, a cup of tea or chocolate, a lively chat with old friends, an easy acquaintance with new—these were waiting for all who cared to share.

There was dress or no dress, as suited the taste or convenience of the guests, and opportunity was given to lay aside wrappings and bonnets, or not to do so, as ladies preferred. Nobody remarked it if now and then a lady came dressed as she would have been at home.

Altogether it was a most informal and neighborly gathering from six to eight in the evening. At eight o'clock the groups drifted toward the parlor, and the chat and laughter died into silence as the hobby for the evening was announced, and the gentleman or lady, with whom arrangements had previously been made to open the subject, began to talk upon it. This opening continued sometimes until the remarks assumed the character of a lecture, and sometimes only to the point when inquiries began to arise in the minds of the hearers.

In the latter case questions were freely asked and answered, if not by the leader, by any one who could throw any light upon the point in question, and it was surprising to see the freedom, interest, and absence of self-consciousness and even merriment with which ignorance was admitted and information sought. Nothing could be more animated and delightful than these conversations, which were never prolonged to weariness, but dropped their didactic character at the end of the hour, after which the company broke into groups, where the interest of the previous talk often showed itself in the continuance of the subject under circumstances of greater ease and with choice of companions in conversation.

If any imagine that the young folks did not enjoy it, let us state that they were usually the ones who had been most aroused, and who sought most eagerly with their questions the people whom the talk had revealed to be the best sources of information.

On every hand the observer's ear caught, "Well, I always thought," or "I wanted to ask," or "I never heard before," etc., etc., while those who wished to escape to other themes, to laugh, chat, play games, stroll in the grounds, to "frivle," as they called it, found every thing cordial and friendly to youth and pleasure in the mental atmosphere of the pleasant home.

On different evenings we have heard such topics as "Nihilism," "Literature as a Pursuit," "The Theory of Evolution," "Charity Organization," "Practice of Vivisection," "Sanitary Science," and other subjects which I do not recall at the moment,discussed at the hobby parties of this lovely home. Nor must we suppose that these gatherings attracted only the amusement-lovers. One met there at different times doctors of divinity, physicians and scientists, professors from Pennsylvania University and Haverford College, members of the faculty of Johns Hopkins, and the President of Bryn Mawr, with authors and evangelists and critics, many of these caring enough to be present to take quite a long journey to bring it about. And all these elderly wise folk mingled freely, as with their own children, with the pretty girls and the young men who usually were in the majority.

The hour for departure was so early that one almost fears to mention it lest it seem impossible to crowd so much into three hours. But the last guest was usually out of the house by half past ten. For those who came at six or seven, this was quite late enough, and two out of the three hours were really hours of recreation, while the quiet hour was the most refreshing of the three.

The atmosphere of the hobby party was never a society atmosphere of externals, where dress and manners emphasized themselves, but the genial, cordial atmosphere of genuine, glad interest in every-day people, in every-day guise of sincere simplicity in their pursuit of good.

Experiments of this kind are, of course, subject to many modifications, and might, by tactless or artificial handling, be made to fail utterly as a source of pleasure.

But their foundation is the right one. It puts the pursuit of pleasure simply as an end aside at once, and abandons the idea of doing any thing simply for amusement. But it sets the mental powers and social instincts at work on natural objects, and in a natural way arouses interest by offering something interesting; it supplies a topic for those who have nothing to say; helps the dull and the bashful to become interesting by becoming interested—in short, it sets the people doing something instead of leaving them to think what they can do, and calls noblest faculties into exercise and gives a sense of common interest with other minds that the ordinary social hour does not supply. And a pure and high type of pleasure is sure to spring to life as the result of such exercise and such interchange, as are flowers to spring to blossom under the sun and the dew.

How different is the life within our breast,
From what we seem to those who know us best.
—*William Allingham.*

IN A SCOTTISH RAILWAY STATION.

THE Central Station in Glasgow is a large, glass-roofed building, in which trains are constantly arriving and departing at seven different platforms. There is continual bustle from morning to night. Porters rush about under mountains of luggage, guards blow their whistles and wave their flags, engines screech and puff, passengers hurry to and fro, and organized confusion, if the paradoxical expression may be permitted, reigns every-where.

During my stay at the station hotel, a large, handsome building, more American-like than any I had seen before, it was my habit to spend a little time each day in wandering about the platforms, and watching a railway system in many respects so different from our own.

As I entered the station large signs, bearing the legend, "Train Information," directed my attention to a building in the center of the main platform. The front was of glass, behind which long placards announced the departure of trains for the next hour. In each case the exact time, destination, and number of platform were given. Over a large window in the glass front was the statement that all information as to the arrival and departure of trains would be supplied by the attendant. Here stood a man whose business it was to answer the questions of anxious travelers, and who did not regard civil inquiries in the light of personal insults. Too often in America our railway officials act as though the company had, in the strictest confidence, intrusted them with secrets which no tortures could force them to reveal. In the Market Street Station, Philadelphia, there is an "information office," but I do not know of an institution of this kind in any other of our large stations.

I chanced, one evening, to saunter into the station just before the departure of the night mail-train for London. I thought of the descriptions of the old mail-coaches which one finds in Dickens's novels. How they used to clatter up at the inn door, change horses, discharge parcels and baskets of game from the capacious "boot," and then, with a toot of the horn and a crack of the whip, dash off again along the village street, and out into the open country at the startling speed of ten miles in the hour! The days of the coach are over, though the pleasure of the rich and the needs of the tourist keep a few wheels rolling as a reminder of the good old times.

Drawn up at platform No. 2 stood the modern English mail-train, not at first glance an imposing sight. The American is struck by the apparent incongruity between the mammoth English stations and the insignificant looking trains. The small black engines are entirely without decoration of bright paint or brass, and the carriages are low and almost as plain. It seems actually impertinent for these trains to enter stations like Lime Street, Liverpool, the Central, Glasgow, or St. Pancras and Euston, London. But when the traveler has been whirled from Edinburgh to London, 420 miles, in 8 hours and 55 minutes by one of these "toy" trains, he looks at them in a little different light.

The "London Mail" carries no passengers, and consists of three carriages and an engine. The first carriage is the mail-van proper, and its panels are adorned with the post-office arms flanked by the inevitable V. R. (Victoria Regina). Underneath in Latin is the motto, "No one delays me with impunity."

Mail-wagons are hastily driven up, and gorgeously uniformed officials, who are only carriers, but who might be easily mistaken for members of the royal family, transfer the bags to the van, where the distributing clerks are hard at work sorting letters. Behind the mail-van is the "parcels-post van" for packages and heavy mail matter. The "parcels-post" is a government express, and the carriage charges are paid in government stamps.

The last van is divided into two compartments, one for heavy express matter and luggage, the other for the guard in charge of the train. There are small "bay-windows" in the guard van, so that the guard may keep a lookout ahead along the side of the train.

The locomotive is painted a dull green, made almost black by coal-dust and smoke. The smoke-stack is low and stumpy, as if the top had been taken off by a low tunnel. The cab is hardly worthy of the name, being merely a front board with a narrow cover on top. It does little more than break the force of the wind. The driving-wheels, one on a side, are enormous masses of iron and steel eight feet in diameter, carrying a train more than twenty-five feet in one revolution.

I talked with the engineer, a good-natured, grimy fellow, who looked at his sooty locomotive with all the pride that a lover feels for his sweetheart.

"It's no trouble at all for her to go sixty miles an hour with them eight-foot drivers, sir. Give her a straight stretch, and she'll do seventy without feelin' it."

It was with some satisfaction that I noticed the Westinghouse air-brake pump working at the side of the boiler. The English may attain terrific speed with their locomotives, but they must use an American patent to stop them. Truly, the old order of things is reversed when England rushes wildly on and America plays the conservative and restraining part.

At last all the mail-bags and parcel-baskets are on board. The guard blows his whistle and waves his lamp, the engineer gives a shrill screech of warning, then a few quick puffs, and the red lights of the rear van disappear into the darkness beyond the station arch. In eight hours that train will steam into Euston Station, London, 400 miles away. These Englishmen are not such slow people after all.

Some two hours after the departure of the mail, I was again on the platform, attracted by the sound of music and cheering. I found myself in a dense crowd of people who were pushing vigorously toward the platform of the night express for London. Several hundred red-coats in undress uniform were scattered among the throng. I was squeezed, pulled, and pushed this way and that, but finally found breath enough to inquire what the matter was.

"A draft of forty men from the Royal Scots is starting for South Africa," came the reply.

I secured at last a good position and watched the scene. The "bobbies" (policemen) kept the crowd back, not with clubs and oaths, but in a firm and kind way that seemed to have the desired effect without irritating the people. Inside the lines were the members of the draft, surrounded each by his group of friends. There were many sad partings with mothers, sisters, and sweethearts. One poor fellow said good-bye to his Mary six times, going away a few paces each time and then returning. The girl clung to him and sobbed so piteously that many a tear of sympathy sparkled in the eyes of the rough people standing near him. Sadder still was the sight of men, too drunk to walk, being dragged to the train and pushed into the carriages. The band played "Down on the Swanee River" and "Auld Lang Syne" during the leave-taking.

Five minutes before the departure of the train, the pipers of the Royal Scots stepped out upon the platform—twelve stalwart fellows in full Highland costume, plaids, kilts, and caps. Their bagpipes were covered with ribbons which fluttered gayly as the men marched rapidly back and forth in time to their music—music which the poor fellows in the carriages would not hear again for many long, weary months. The crowd cheered and waved their handkerchiefs as the pipes began, and the departing soldiers, hanging half-way out the windows, waved and shouted to their friends.

At last the guard's whistle blew, there was a great shout, and the train quickly disappeared. The sons, brothers, and lovers were gone, and to-morrow would begin the long days of waiting and loneliness.

England is a great empire, but there were many in Glasgow who were disloyal enough to wish that there were no foreign stations to be garrisoned.

SOCIETIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

I AM sure that those who read "Too Much Company"* have not yet decided to become hermits, or to lead lives of selfish seclusion; but possibly if any have considered that subject soberly they will be ready for one, which naturally follows it.

If a young person is to shun the aimless, frivolous associations which steal so many bright hours, how shall he best supply the natural demand for comradeship? An answer can be given in brief: Join some worthy society for young people.

This is an age of organization. Almost every living idea has a "constitution and by-laws." Human nature just now delights in electing or being elected; and upon the whole this tendency is healthful; for, while societies are formed that amount to very little, and whose length of life is hardly what a good "constitution" would seem to warrant, there are many that hold within themselves capacities for almost endless growth.

It is hardly possible to illustrate the truth of this without referring to the "Chautauqua idea" which has grown like a "cedar of Lebanon" which hath "many branches."

OUR YOUTH presumably is acquainted with its own family history and proud of its immense circle of relatives. Whoever "belongs," young or old, is to be congratulated. But there are many still outside the beneficent influences of Chautauqua, and all other organizations; while others reap no real benefit from societies of which they may be members on account of their own indifference. They are still in that condition where "good times" and "lots of company" mean excitement and amusement without the drudgery of mental exertion or the stimulus of a purpose.

To such, some of the benefits of associated effort are presented in this article with the hope of arousing and helping them. First, then, the fact that a society having a distinct purpose exists implies a co-operation of kindred spirits. This is true respecting both good and bad objects, for separating lines were never more distinctly drawn than now; so when a new organization is announced, you are pretty sure, if you know its special aim, to know also who will be its members.

This, then, indicates your first step. Supposing that your tendencies are all upward and onward, you will join that society which promises to do the most for you, and allow you to do the most and best for yourself. The first-named advantage can be gained only where there is dignity, method, and regularity in all its proceedings. The second when it provides something for every member to do, so that in course of time opportunity is given for the exercise of your native and acquired ability in various directions. The holding of office, reciting, debating, writing, searching for facts and memorizing them, all these privileges should be eagerly accepted and faithfully improved. To this end, begin by doing little things well. Some young people have very strange ideas respecting the importance of correct habits in this direction. For instance, a boy was chosen treasurer of a school society, and he kept account of his receipts on slips of paper, which went into his pockets with many other valuables "too numerous to mention." Very soon he failed to discriminate between his own money and that belonging to the society, and when he was called to account he was in the condition of too many bank officials who treat the public to "startling defalcations." He had nothing to show for "value received." It was a small amount, but the boys never elected him treasurer again.

Two recording secretaries come to mind whose style of doing things forms a striking contrast, and may teach a lesson. One was always present at the opening of each meeting, and her report of the previous month was always ready. And that report was not made up of statistics and facts "crossing each other at right angles." It was exact and practical, to be sure, but as sweet and entertaining as a poem, as she read it with a clear, distinct enunciation; and the members said they would as soon miss any part of the exercises as the secretary's report.

The other young lady referred to generally reached her chair a little late, and sat down upon the edge of it in evident confusion. When her report was called for she rose in an uncertain way, while a cascade of loose papers fell from her book to the floor, part of which were sure to contain items that were of great importance to the society. A portion of her report was generally given orally, with the aid of the president in recalling names and dates; but her voice, naturally loud and clear, sank to an indistinct murmur while she was thus completing her painful duty, and the members were fain to "accept" what they had not fully understood, to relieve their blushing sister secretary. It was little wonder that she thought it was "perfectly horrid" to hold an office.

The general work of a society, such as committees have in charge, is often thought to be of little account, and so neglected by those who for their own sakes, if for nothing else, ought to attend to every detail faithfully. But you may say, "The business in our society is not carried on as it ought to be. No one seems to understand just how to do it." This is a criticism that justly applies to many societies. Business is done in a slipshod style because the "leaders" do not understand parliamentary rules. This fact is very apparent, and young people are not alone in wishing that some benevolent educator would publish in simple form such rules as all societies may understand and apply.

There are various "manuals," but what is needed should be so clear that a girls' missionary society may be governed by it, and so condensed that it may be copied in family and school journals. The blunders sometimes made in public by educated ladies, and even by gentlemen, would not occur if in their school-days a professor of "Things we ought to know," occupying a chair of Practical Ethics, could have given them a few lessons.

Some years ago a society was being organized in a certain church. The minister's wife, who had been a teacher in Boston public schools, was elected its president. After her election the temporary chairman gave the business of the meeting into her hands, and she promptly took the chair and went on with the work of organizing. Her first words were:

"I nominate Mrs. Brown for my first vice-president. Please second the motion!"

Proceeding in this way her subordinate officers were soon elected. The most surprising phase of this laughable affair was the sweet acquiescence of a roomful of "sisters" who cheerfully "seconded" as they were bidden, and voted "aye" in delightful unison. Indeed, the "contrary-minded" were not invited to express themselves at all. You, my dear young friend, will never make such a failure as a presiding officer, of course; but if not, why not? Never join a society? Ah! but, then, you will miss the natural trend of all, or nearly all, educational, reformatory, and benevolent enterprise.

It is a matter for congratulation that in nearly all preparatory schools—such as academies and seminaries—there are permanent societies for both sexes, known sometimes under very high-sounding cognomens, but, nevertheless, doing excellent service. Many a man in public life, and many a woman, called by force of circumstances to take charge of church or city charities, owns with gratitude the practical benefits derived from these societies. Their blunders were committed there, and doubtless criticised mercilessly by fellow-students, whose criticism, by the way, is more just and more generous than any that will ever be given elsewhere.

If it is possible, avail yourselves of this excellent mental and moral discipline. There are certain philosophers who smile grandly over the well-remembered "programmes" followed in what they are pleased to style their "verdant days," but it is probable that if they were to remodel they would only spoil them.

A company of school-girls, discussing the question, "Ought

* OUR YOUTH. Vol. II, No. 12, p. 179.

capital punishment be abolished?" may seem very amusing, but one of the disputants, at least, remembers with profound gratitude the research and the careful elaboration of argument which this same stupendous question made necessary. In discussing such mighty subjects you learn the size of some of the giants with which the world is wrestling. You learn, too, by contrast your own size, and the patience, application, and mental labor that is necessary to make you capable of forming opinions which will be of value.

So highly do we regard the influence of these school literary societies referred to, that if the choice lay between them and one of the "dead languages," we would choose the society every time.

Holding this opinion, as the result of experience and observation, we have wondered that instructors in the higher grade of town schools did not make them an auxiliary of their system of instruction. There is, we know, complaint of "high pressure" and "no time for extras," but if an honest effort were made, the pupils who find time for dancing-schools, skating-rinks, and all sorts of traveling entertainments might possibly be won to higher pursuits. There is not room in this article to touch upon many of the benefits arising from associated effort, for objects vary, covering all forms of benevolence, religious growth, literary and scientific research; but let every young person who is hungering for knowledge, who is desirous of developing his own latent ability, and who wishes, above all, to find desirable companionship, unite with some organization which promises to meet these demands. And having "united," look around for some other who needs a helping hand; for the very spirit of union which characterizes this "humanizing era" is one of helpfulness, is one which promises to bind together all loyal workers in the great army which is eventually to overthrow the hosts of evil.

AN ALASKAN FOREST.

LIEUT. SCHWATKA thus describes, in the "New York Times," the wonders of an Alaskan glacial forest:

Wandering around near camp I was struck with astonishment at the great size of the trees of the forest into which we had crept. The most astonishing part was that such a forest should be found actually surrounded by ice 10 to 20 miles across in every direction. Of course, it is reasonable to suppose that trees were here before the ice, and that this forest probably once connected with the forests of the great flat lands.

Here was undoubted evidence that this small forest was being obliterated rapidly by the advancing front of the Guyot Glacier, the foot ice grinding the huge trees into pulp and splinters as surely as a quartz crusher grinds the rock into powder. Trees five and six feet through were bent over and splintered as if they were brush, while some of the fallen trunks were split longitudinally into perfect kindling-wood.

It was the mills of the gods grinding slowly, etc. Nor were they grinding so very slowly, either, as one could see by comparing them with other glacial action near by. But a little way off, probably a half-mile to a mile away, was a small clump of woods into which the glacier in the past had protruded, as shown by the fallen, shattered trunks that lay near the edge of a small moraine from which the glacier had now retreated a great number of rods. Out from the bristling line of shattered tree-trunks piled over each other for nearly or fully a hundred yards all the spruce-trees were dead, but still standing, their whitened trunks and long, gaunt limbs contrasted strangely and conspicuously with the trees still covered with foliage that formed their background. These dead evergreens had been actually killed by the proximity to the ice without its touching them, and either by its chilling influence kept up throughout the year for probably centuries, or the constant application of the ice-water about their roots, preventing their growth; for along this foot-ice there was always a marshy stream of ice-water draining off to the nearest muddy creek or rill. This was true of the glacier foot not over fifty yards from our camp in the forest, for here we got our water for cooking purposes, but here also the ice of the glacier had evidently come forward so fast that the trees were rather killed by direct crushing of their trunks and limbs than by the slower one of the influence of great masses of ice near by, and it was possible to sit down on this foot-ice of the Guyot Glacier, probably ten to twenty feet thick at that point, and at the same time be under the shade of a huge evergreen-tree, if a person desired two such cooling influences at the same time.

Thus I came to the conclusion that the front of this great glacier was like the fingers of some huge radiating animal prolonging themselves outward and retracting again at long intervals that would require many human lives one after the other to measure a single stride and its backward flow.

THE USELESS WEST.

THE rapidity with which our country has been developed has left high and dry some of the predictions of its wisest statesmen.

How little our fathers appreciated the resources of their country and of their people it is almost impossible to realize. Mr. Webster expressed the general mind when he opposed the establishment of a mail-route in the great West in the time of Van Buren.

"What do we want," he exclaimed, "with this vast, worthless area—this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie-dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or those endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their very base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it? What use have we for this country?"

THE DOG THEY WANTED.

THE danger of asking questions of a school has been illustrated by many stories more or less familiar. The man who asked a school what the difference was between himself and Washington, and was informed, "Washington never told a lie," learned a lesson he did not soon forget. The teacher in the following paragraph should have remembered that boys are too apt to place prowess before virtue, especially in the case of dogs:

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I need not tell you any thing further of the duty of cultivating a kindly disposition; but I will tell you a story about two dogs. George had a little dog that was as gentle as a lamb. He would sit by George's side quietly for an hour at a time. He would not bark at the passers-by, or at strange dogs, and would never bite any body or any thing. Thomas's dog, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs, and would sometimes tear them quite cruelly. He would also fly at the hens and cats in the neighborhood, and on several occasions he had been known to seize a cow by the nostrils and throw her. He barked at all strange men who came along, and would bite them, unless somebody interfered. Now, boys, which was the dog you would like to own—George's or Thomas's?" Instantly came the answer in one eager shout, "Thomas's!"

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

IN this country bank-notes are so elaborately engraved and embellished that at first sight the English notes are disappointing. They are large pieces of thin white paper with a simple promise to pay so many pounds. These notes look more like certificates for good deportment at school than like money.

These bits of paper, however, represent a great deal of work, and are the result of much experience and caution, as the following paragraph from the "Family Tutor" testifies:

"The Bank of England note possesses no security which may not be known by any person who will make himself acquainted with the following characteristics of the paper, the plate printing, and the type printing of the note. The paper is distinguished:

"1. By its peculiar color, such as is neither sold in the shops nor used for any other purpose.

"2. By its thinness and transparency—qualities which prevent any portion of the printing on the note being washed or scratched out without a hole being made.

"3. By its characteristic feel, which consists of a singular crispness and toughness, owing to the fact that the bank paper is made from new linen and cotton, not from rags.

"4. By the peculiar wire-mark or water-mark, which can only be produced when the paper is in a state of pulp; consequently the forger must procure a mold and make his own paper, both requiring the skill of such first-rate artisans as are not likely to be met with in the haunts of crime.

"5. By the three deckle or rough edges. These edges are produced when the paper is in pulp; two notes being placed in the mold and divided lengthways. The deckle is the raw edge of the paper, and cannot be imitated by cutting.

"6. By the strength of the paper: a bank-note will lift a hundred-weight if carefully adjusted.

"The printing is of two kinds, type and plate. The paper is moistened by water driven through its pores by the pressure of the atmosphere; 30,000 double notes are thus moistened in the space of an hour. The ink used is made at the bank from linseed oil and the charred husks and vines of Rhenish grapes. This gives a peculiar velvety black to the mark in the left-hand corner of the note.

"The notes are numbered by a machine which cannot err; and lastly, are authorized by the signature of the clerk. The bank-notes are printed on the side of the paper which receives the water-mark, so that if the paper be split the unprinted surface only retains the slightest trace of that mark."

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

THE news-stand in England and America is a place full of wise hints to the philanthropist, not so much from the knowledge and art there sold at cheap rates, as from the purchasers of pictures and pages not so wise or useful who are to be seen there, and on whose mental and moral character a lasting impression for evil is to be made by the literature they take away with them. It would pay to pick up statistics on this point. It would be useful to make purchase of certain representative papers, prints, and books, and take them home for a careful inspection, that one may form some idea of these factors in the education of our people out of school. Preachers and Sunday-school teachers might preach and teach to more purpose if they once caught a view of the world of ideas in which their hearers and pupils live—a world created very largely by the stories they revel in, the pictures they look at, and the articles, political, social, and religious, which they read from week to week. It would open the eyes of some ministers simply to know what rubbish has the start of them in the minds and hearts of their regular and occasional hearers. It might give more point to their sermons. It might modify the subject-matter. It might enable them to neutralize certain errors the general hold of which they, pious and recluse souls, never dreamed of. Let us watch the news-stands.

IN a conversation on ship-board with Mr. Matthew Arnold, this distinguished writer, who was returning from his second or third visit to the States, made the following statement: "In America you read papers more than in England. In England our people read books more than papers." Of the American papers Mr. Arnold was not able to speak in very praiseful terms. He intended to speak a word in commendation of the reading habits of his own people and in condemnation of the reading habits of Americans. His judgment was based upon the number of books and papers to be found in the hands of railway travelers, and especially of people going in and out of the great cities on suburban trains. We did not consider the test quite a fair one, for reasons we cannot give here, but did with care consider the questions suggested; and we take occasion to call the attention of our readers—of our young readers especially—to the matter of daily reading outside of the school and its requirements. We do not believe that Americans, as a whole, read less "best literature" than the English, and from our observation of English papers—daily and weekly—we can see little difference between them and our own American publications. Whether we have more or less bad reading than the English is a matter of small moment. We are ready to acknowledge, and with deep sorrow of heart, that our American habit of reading bad literature is widespread, and that we have bad habits in the reading of good literature. How to correct ourselves is the question. And it is a question interesting to young people. That is to say, it should be interesting because it is important to them. It is so easy to fall into bad habits; to yield to prevailing tendencies; to eat as other people eat; to talk as we hear every body else talk, and to be in almost every way like the people we live with. How shall we get into better reading habits?

WE must read in order to study. Study is reading with attention, with very close attention, that we may make our own what we read, that we may form our own judgments about what we read, and that we may think some thoughts of our own on the subjects we read about. And this kind of reading requires more than eye-sight, and more than a knowledge of letters, words, and sentences. It requires more than a sense of pleasure in what we read. It demands will-power and judgment, or, to put them in their proper order, judgment and will-power. We must be able to select what is best for us, and then have strength of will to read it whether we incline to it or not. We should read as we are expected to act, according to duty, and not inclination; in pursuance of the highest good, and not for the sake of the greatest present enjoyment. It is the old conflict between pleasure and right, between preference and duty. This conflict goes every-where. At our meals, in business, in church, in school, in reading—we must always ask, What is best? and always resolve to do the best. If this rule were to be followed by youth generally, in the formation of reading habits, we should find a radical reform at once effected. Read what you ought. Read with purpose. Command yourself to read what you ought. Make yourself come under discipline. Good teachers and wise mothers help children to form these habits early in life. Thus the tastes are early purified, and soon our inclinations lie in the direction of duty. We then take pleasure in that which is best.

HERE belongs the question of Bible study and of Bible reading. What book can compare with this Book of books? In every literary element it is beyond comparison. Where is its equal for ethical wisdom? What book takes such wise and glorious views of this life in its relation to a possible eternal life? Matthew Arnold reads his Greek Testament regularly every day. Huxley commends the Bible as an educational text-book of unequaled value. Ruskin speaks repeatedly and enthusiastically of its worth. He says in his chapter on "Herne-Hill Almond Blossoms" in "Præterita:" "I have just opened my oldest (in use) Bible—a small, closely, and very neatly printed volume it is, printed in Edinburgh by Sir D. Hunter Blair and J. Bruce, Printers to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, in 1816. Yellow now with age, and flexible, but not unclean, with much use, except that the lower corners of the pages at 8th of 1st Kings and 32d Deuteronomy are worn somewhat thin and dark, the learning of these two chapters having cost me much pains. My mother's list of the chapters with which, thus learned, she established my soul in life* has just fallen out of it. I will take what indulgence the incurious reader can give me for printing the list thus accidentally occurrent."† In speaking of the 119th Psalm, which it seems he committed to memory, long as it is, he says, "It is

---

* I mean only that she gave me secure *ground* for all future life, practical or spiritual.

† The list given on pp. 57 and 58 of "Præterita" is as follows: Exodus, chapters 15th, 20th; 2 Samuel 1st (from 17th verse to the end); 1 Kings 8th; Psalms 23d, 32d, 90th, 91st, 103d, 112th, 119th, 139th; Proverbs 2d, 3d, 8th, 12th; Isaiah 58th; Matthew 5th, 6th, 7th; Acts 26th; 1 Corinthians 13th, 15th; James 4th; Revelation 5th, 6th.

strange that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the 119th Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the Law of God."

YOUNG READER: Be a reader and a student of the Bible. If you have no spiritual tastes, no deep convictions concerning things eternal, no longings after God, still by force of will form the habit of reading this great masterpiece of the world's literature. Read it every day. Read it with soul turned upward toward the Source of all light and opened to all good influence that may come into your life through its sublime teachings. Form the habit in youth. Keep it up in middle manhood. In old age it will be staff and support, honey and food, light and fire, a quickening and comforting word of eternal life in days of debility and of death.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for November 21, 1886. WALKING IN THE LIGHT.—1 John 1. 5–10, and 2. 1–6. GOLDEN TEXT.—1 John 1. 7.

PREFATORY. The tragedy of Calvary is over. The King who conquered Death, who, by his resurrection, gave the scene on Calvary a peculiar significance, has gone up from earth to heaven. Years have passed by. John the Evangelist is an old man. What memories he has! What a strong love was that which was born within his heart long years ago when he looked day after day into the face of his wonderful Friend, and when he leaned on his breast in the deep peace of that mystic fellowship which as a disciple of Jesus he enjoyed. We think of John in his old age as a man of rare sweetness of character. His doctrine was the doctrine of love. His spirit was the spirit of love. His life was the life of love. He who has love has light. Love and light—these were the themes of the great apostle.

INTERROGATORY. Who wrote these words? To whom? How does he describe God? Why is the figure a forcible one? How may man have "fellowship" with God—what does the expression mean? In how many ways is Jesus spoken of in this lesson? What is he said to do for us? And for whom besides? What proof may any man have that he is in the "light?"

HOMILY. There is here a "message" from heaven through one whose "fellowship" (v. 3) with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ entitles him to speak. The friend of the Prince can tell the secrets of the court. And when he comes with authority to tell what is said from the throne we may listen attentively and believe implicitly. What is the message? Hear him! "God is light." Well, the sun in its splendor and power does seem almost like a God. Not much wonder that the heathen have worshiped it. And in the word the sun is used as a symbol of God. "God is light." What is light? We do not know except as we contrast it with darkness. We know the difference. Let a man walk in a strange country among pitfalls on a dark night. A man told me to-day that in London it was often so foggy that even with gas lighted in all the streets and lamps lighted on all the carriages and 'busses it was almost impossible to get along. Business is sometimes almost suspended. We all know what darkness is. God is not darkness. We need not think of him as full of gloom and storm and terror. We need not be uncertain about him. Of course, there is mystery about God, but it is the mystery of light, dazzling, glorious. It is the glory of the sun that we cannot look at, but it is light, and we walk in it and delight in it, and *know* the way we take and the goal we seek. "God is light." He sees and he causes us to see. We may know that he is, and feel satisfied with his rule and purpose. We may have his own peace abiding within our hearts, and, believing, we may rejoice. Fellowship with light gives light. A dewdrop in the sun is filled with the sun. A plant in the sun blossoms into color and loveliness. It has fellowship with the sun. A spindling potato-vine, white and sickly and almost dead, said, "See me. I am the child of the Sun and dwell in his light." And the old gardener said, "This vine lies and does not the truth. It has been grown in a cellar and in the darkness. For if it had fellowship with the sun it would be altogether different from what it is."

Walking in the light we may be like Him who is the light, givers of light, and goodly to look upon because of the light we live in. We are saved from dark doubts and dark deeds. We are cleansed from sin—bleached by the light of God—"steeped in his brightness," as Browning puts it. If the potato-vine calls itself light it lies. No vine has life and sufficiency in itself. Without the sun it is a failure. So is man a failure, a sinner, a wreck, without God. But if we come into God's light we may be restored and pardoned and filled with gracious strength. We ought not to sin. We need not sin with deliberate purpose. If we do sin we have an Advocate who is the "propitiation." There is hope for man. Now, if we want proof of our being in the light, we may easily find it in our lives. Do we keep the commandments? Do our souls answer to the play of the light? How about the tendrils and the leaves? How is it with the fiber and the fruit? Come, O Vine, and let us see the results of light in thee. In Light, in Love, and thus our life will be God-like. Test yourself, reader.

PRAYER. O Giver of Light, who art Thyself Light, shine in upon our darkness and give us all that Thou canst give or we receive—light, warmth, strength, joy. Forgive us our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness, and help us so to abide in Thee that we may know that we are in Thee and in all things do Thy will. And this we ask in the name of Thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

TAKE THE CHILDREN TO CHURCH.

IT is right that from earliest youth the children of Christian parents should be taken to church. It does not matter if they do not understand the sermon at first. They soon come to understand the holiness of the place, and they form the church-going habit, which is likely to be an anchor that will hold them fast in later years, when so many Sunday temptations will tug them this way and that. Dr. Cuyler's words should be heeded:

But "do they not have the Sunday-school?" Yes; and a well-equipped and Christ-presenting Sunday-school is the right arm of a church. But a right arm is not the main body, and an arm dissevered from the body is a bloodless and impotent thing. All honor to the zealous, devoted Sunday-school teacher! He or she is often an actual pastor or shepherd to guide to Jesus those who have no spiritual guidance at home. But the Sunday-school never was ordained to be and never can be a substitute for the regular services of the sanctuary. Bring your children with you to church, dear friends. It is their nestling-place as well as yours. Are you quite certain as to what your young swallows and sparrows may be about while you are sitting in your pews? How do they spend the Lord's day at home? If you commit the sin of beginning the day with your Sunday "Times" or "Tribune" or "Herald," you may be quite sure that the boys and girls will be deep in the police reports and fashion gossip and wretched scandals of those Sabbath-breakers while you are listening to the sermon. Then keep the secular desecrators of holy time out of your doors, and take all your "bairns" with you to the place where their young hearts may be led heavenward. Expect their early conversion to Christ.—*Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler, in Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

IN closing an interesting article in "The Forum" for November upon "How I Was Educated," President Dwight, of Yale, says: "I must say here as at the beginning, my answer to this question is summed up in one sentence—*I had the right mother.*"

WHAT New Yorker does not know of "Brentano's," with its endless array of books, papers, and magazines from every nation? This great warehouse of periodical literature has become one of the institutions of the city, and the death of the man whose name it bears calls attention to the lessons to be read in its prosperity.

AUGUST BRENTANO, a young Austrian, landed in New York a generation ago, poor, friendless, and crippled, a stranger in a land whose language he could not understand. He could not work with his hands, for they were cruelly misshapen, and his prospects could hardly have been more discouraging.

BUT he set to work with all his energy to overcome these obstacles. Having gained a little knowledge of English, he began to sell newspapers, establishing a sidewalk stand on Broadway. There were hundreds of similar stands along this street, but people soon realized that it was worth the trouble to go a little out of their way to buy of Brentano. The papers reached his stand a little earlier than they came to the others; his assortment was better, and if he could not supply the journal wanted he was eager to put himself to some inconvenience to fill the order promptly.

IN short, people (who in such matters follow their own interests) found that they could get what they wanted with less trouble by buying of Brentano than they could by patronizing his competitors. Customers thronged upon him, and he was obliged to hire a building to accommodate his business. The establishment put forth branches in western cities, and has continued to prosper—we had almost said—amazingly.

BUT it is not amazing that industry and enterprise, foresight and economy, should prosper. They are bound to win. And the earlier business career of August Brentano shows how well they work together.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

WESLEY—APOSTLESHIP.*

WHILE hundreds of stalwart itinerants responded to his commands, as veterans to the orders of a leader on the field, and mobs recoiled before his calm but mighty word, while rude armies of ten, twenty, thirty thousands listened, wept or prayed, under his discourses, on the mountain sides or in the market-places, his sympathetic presence brought light and consolation to the hearths of desolate homes, to the despair of death-beds, to the guilt and anguish of prisons, to the frenzy even of the mad-house. But did this man—so illustrious, and yet so simple that the simplicity of his anomalous life seems the most inexplicable fact of its distinction—in his stern, inflexible career, extending through most of a century, in his life apparently never knowing privacy, did he himself know the affections and tenderness which he so generally excited, the sorrow which he so often touched and turned into joy—did his "heart know its own bitterness?" Was this never-resting life—these wanderings to and fro while more than two generations of men were passing away—the effect of a passion for public life that had extinguished the usual instincts of the heart for wife, children, and home, for the privacy in which the heart best lives, for quiet and rest, and the affections? How often, reading his Journals, do we see him, in scenes of rural repose, or of domestic virtue, longing for relief from the restless duties of his career; for a home, however humble, where, with books and meditative tranquillity, he might live more unto himself, or for the few that might be dearer to him than himself! But one sublime and mysterious word always broke the spell of these seductive wishes—Eternity! "I believe there is an eternity, and must arise and go hence!"

Poetry and music were natural endowments with him, as with most of his remarkable family. His correspondence with his unhappy wife, it is said, reveals the tenderest sensibility—a heart that proves him capable of having been the most affectionate of husbands. His numerous published letters to women correspondents are the most characteristic of his writings; they are fervid with pure and delicate sentiment. This man who worked so mightily could also love intensely. He never deemed it necessary to record an apology for his affection for Grace Murray. All accounts of her show that she was worthy of him; that she possessed not only rare attractions of person and manners, but an elevated soul. She combined an indefinable charm of character with extraordinary talents; she formed and regulated many of his female classes in the north of England; she traveled with him in Ireland, and with womanly grace and modesty, as well as skillful ability, promoted among the women of Methodism the great work in which he was engaged. She reciprocated his affection for her, though with shrinking diffidence. His hopes were defeated by the management of his brother and Whitefield, who probably apprehended that domestic life would interfere with his public labors, and hastily secured her marriage to one of his preachers. He bitterly felt his loss; and the relief which he sought in unslackened devotion to his great work is proof of his genuine greatness rather than of his want of sensibility. He kept the painful recollection locked in his own heart, never obtruding it in any of his subsequent published letters, except in one instance, when he ministered relief to a Christian friend, in a similar sorrow, by referring to his own, the keenness of which he describes as extreme. He "saw his friend that was, and him to whom she was sacrificed," immediately after the sacrifice, but never again records an allusion to her except in the single instance mentioned, and in a poetical account of her history and of his affection for her, that he kept sacredly during his life, but that was discovered and published by one of his biographers—a long, sad, heart-touching narrative, in which he dwells with minutest interest on every recollection of the case. It is as fine an example of his poetical power as of his capacity for loving. The preacher whom Grace Murray married left Wesley's Connection. He died in ten years after his marriage; the lady survived till 1803. She rejoined the Methodists, was many years a class-leader among them, and lived and died esteemed and beloved by them. Wesley pursued his career without once turning aside to re-open the wound in either heart by an interview. When eighty-five years old he allowed himself, however, the pleasure of a single conversation with her. She was in London, and expressed a wish to see him. Accompanied by Henry Moore, he called upon her. Though he "preserved more than his usual self-possession," the meeting, says Moore, was affecting. It did not continue long, and Moore never heard him mention her name afterward.

Such was the character of John Wesley; a character which no candid historian, after a thorough study of his life and works, can deny to him, however desirable it might seem to be able to attribute to him greater faults for the sake of an apparently more impartial estimate. The candid student of history will be able to find in all its records but few men who had fewer faults, however many he may suppose he finds, who had more single abilities or rarer virtues. For ourselves we confess we know not where to look for his peer since the days of the chief of the apostles. Generation after generation arises to revere his name, to call him blessed, and to follow him as he followed his Lord. That good gray head looks down from the wall of many a humble parlor; in unnumbered hearts his memory is enshrined as the noblest of the latter saints, the "father and brother" greatly beloved by the Church of the first-born on the earth and in the heavens.

* From Dr. Abel Stevens's "Character Sketches."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

WE have already seen how two or more forces acting upon a body produce the same result which one single force would effect, and we have shown how these resultant forces may be indicated in a diagram.

Now, it is very easy to take an entirely opposite view of the case, and from a single force to work back to two or more forces whose sum is equivalent to it. Let us begin our diagram with a diagonal instead of with two sides.

In Fig. 1 we will suppose that a brick *a* is being pulled along a floor by a string. The string is pulled in the direction *a b* and with a force indicated by the line *a b*. Now, this pulling does more than drag the brick *a* forward; it has as well a tendency to raise it from the floor. Suppose the string is pulled parallel with the floor, then all the force would be expended in giving a forward motion to the brick, while, if the string is pulled up perpendicularly, the brick will be raised from the floor and have no forward motion whatever. It is evident, then, that the string in its present position has a tendency to give the brick two motions—forward and upward. What the intensity of these two elements is with reference to the original forces we can determine by drawing a parallelogram of forces. From *b* drop a perpendicular line *b d*. Then we have two sides, *a d* and *b d*, and may complete our diagram as before. The two forces which are equal to the force *a b* are *a c* and *a d*. If there were two strings, one pulled along the floor with a force equal to *a d*, and another pulled up with a force equal to *a c*, the motion of the brick would be the same as if one string pulled in the direction *a b* and with a force equal to *a b*. This process of separating one force into two or more others is called the *resolution of forces*.

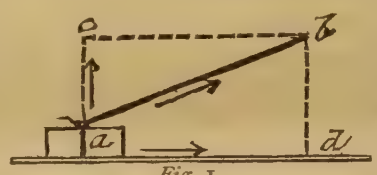


Fig. 1.

The resolution of forces enables us to explain many interesting questions, among others,

HOW TWO YACHTS CAN SAIL TOWARD EACH OTHER IN THE SAME WIND.

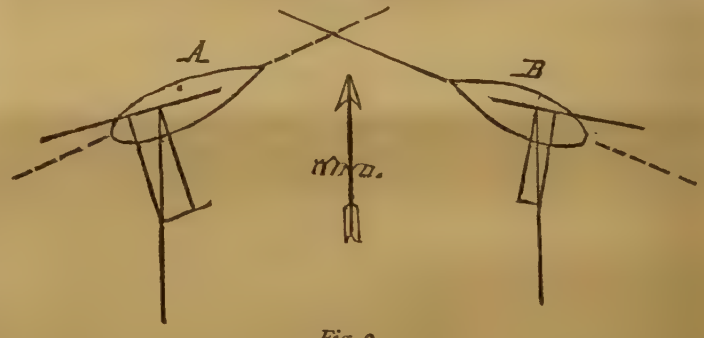


Fig. 2.

The state of affairs represented by Fig. 2 is plain enough. Two yachts *A* and *B* are sailing toward each other under the influence of a wind the direction of which is indicated by the arrow. At first glance it seems strange that the same wind should drive two vessels in almost opposite directions. By means of Fig. 3 we may see the principle upon which a fore-and-aft rigged vessel (that is, one whose sails are not stretched on yards across the masts) is navigated.

In Fig. 3 we have a yacht *a b*. The mast is at *d*, and line *d c* represents the boom to which the sail is attached. The wind is blowing in the direction indicated by the arrow, and may be supposed to exert its full force at the point *y*. This force is, let us say, equal to the line *x y*. Now, this force *x y* has two tendencies, one to push straight against the boom, and another to push in the direction of the boom and forward. By constructing our parallelogram as above we find the forces are *x z* against the boom, and *z y* along the boom. As we have to do only with forward motions, we will neglect the other. We have taken one step now, and have found a force *z y* pushing against the mast forward.

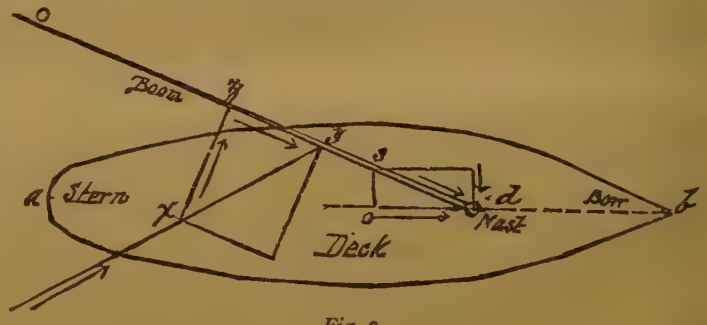


Fig. 3.

But we want to find the force which is moving the boat forward, and hence we must again resolve the force *z y* or its equal *s d*, into two forces, one, *s o*, which pushes against the side of the mast, and *a d*, which is the force that acts directly to give the boat its forward motion.

This action of the wind being understood, it is easily shown by Fig. 2 how the same wind may drive two boats in almost opposite directions. Of course, the more nearly the boat heads to the wind, the smaller becomes the force that pushes forward, until it ceases to exist at all, and the boat "lies to."

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

Some Strange Cricket Matches.

Those who read Mr. Oxley's article on "Cricket" will appreciate the following anecdotes of some remarkable cricket games. This sport has always been a popular one in England, and all sorts of peculiar features have marked the history of the game. Eleven men of the same name used to form teams and play each other. There is a story of a small American boy who had seven brothers. When a sister was born the little chap was disconsolate because the arrival wasn't a boy, since in that case they might have had a base-ball nine right in the family.

An English family in 1867 boasted a cricket team of its own, for in that year Lord Lyttelton, with his two brothers and eight sons, won a famous match, in honor of which Lord Lyttelton wrote the lines:

"Sing the song of Hagley cricket,
When the peer and all his clan
Grasped the bat to guard the wicket,
As no other household can."

In the latter part of the last century two matches were played in which a dog took part. Two men played against another man and his dog "Drake." The man and dog won easily, for the dog was so quick at stopping the ball and bringing it to his master that the opponents were quickly put out. The other match also was decided in favor of the dog's side. Some time ago a well-known dog-trainer was said to be preparing a lot of dogs to play base-ball. Perhaps he had heard of these canine cricketers.

Another curious match is recorded in which several legs were broken. The match was played by inmates of the Greenwich Hospital—the one-armed men against the one-legged men. It is reported as a most ludicrous sight. In their eagerness to get about several of the one-legged men split their artificial limbs. In the first match the one-armed men were victorious, but after that the one-legged men came out ahead on account of their greater skill in picking up and catching the ball.

There are records of several cricket games on ice, but we have equaled that in this country, several base-ball matches having been played on our skating ponds.

Head and Foot.

This game, often called "Foot and a Half," is comparatively well known in one form or another, and is great sport for cool weather. We will briefly describe one form of the game, which, in our opinion, furnishes the most interest and rivalry. It is usual for any one who proposes to play to shout, "Last jump for head and foot!" and the rest chime in with "Next to last!" "Next to that!" and so on, as the troop make a wild stampede for the favorite play-ground.

The best place for the game is in soft soil with a board or stone walk as a starting-point for the jumps. The players, arrived at the ground, jump in the order decided upon. The rule is to toe the line and mark the last heel. When all have jumped the one who has jumped farthest is "leader," the one making the shortest jump is "down," and the rest are arranged between these two extremes according to the jumps they have made.

The man who is down must "make a back" at the starting-line, or board, while the others jump over him in the regular order, leader first. One word about "giving a back." The boy down should fold his arms and press them firmly on his knees, rounding up his back, and keeping his head in. He should not stand with his back toward the jumpers, but sideways. The first position is dangerous, as a jumper might alight on the back-giver's neck. If he will remember to keep his back arched stiffly he will not be harmed in the slightest by the heaviest jumpers.

The last jumper marks the place where he alights, and the "down" moves up to this point. The leader sets the task always, and the first jumper who fails to do as well as the leader goes down, while the boy released from that position becomes last man.

The leader always does his best to get the men behind him down. When the "downer" has been moved out some distance it is difficult to jump him without "stepping in;" that is, stepping over the starting-line, the penalty for which is always a "downing." When the back is too far away for the leader to clear it at a single jump, he "jumps in" and then jumps over. If any one can do the back in a single jump he becomes leader in place of the first boy.

The jump over should be square, both hands placed on the back and neither foot on the ground until the other side is reached. "Running over"—making a high jump and touching the back with the fingertips—should never be permitted. It is dangerous and unfair.

Played squarely and in good humor Head and Foot is an excellent game for muscular development, and it has, too, a healthy element of rivalry about it that makes the sport additionally attractive.

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

THE KATY-DID SOCIETY.—XIII.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

"I am ashamed to confess it," said Kitty at the next meeting of the K. D. S., "but I for once am itemless; the Halloween party and its preparations consumed so much of my time last week that I hadn't a moment for any thing else. I did read of a table-cover in the 'Art Interchange' that sounded as if it might be pretty, but I thought I would wait until I had tried it before reporting."

"United we stand, then," said Kate, "and I haven't as good a reason as yours, Kitty; but when the sun shines in the distracting fashion of which it has been guilty this last week I cannot resist the temptation, and every day after school I have seized my tennis-racket and sped over to Betty Brown's for a practice. '

"Then," said Katrina, "I move that by way of penalty you two be compelled to help me this afternoon in the work I am doing for the Flower Mission Fair."

"Agreed," said Kate, "if you'll tell us just what we have to do. Those pieces of silk and ribbon have a very bewildering and kaleidoscopic air. What are you going to do with them all?"

"The idea is a borrowed one," replied Katrina. "Mother and I were calling on Mrs. Rossiter the other day, and as we were ushered into the little reception-room we were greeted by the most delicious perfume, which I at last discovered came from her 'tray of sweets' that stood on a little table in one corner, and I resolved on the spot that a similar tray should be my donation to the fair.

"You see I have a number of pieces of ribbon, each a quarter of a yard long, and two and a half inches wide. These are to be fringed at each end to the depth of an inch, then folded in the middle and the edges sewed together and ornamented, if you like, with fancy stitches. Fill each of the little bags with cotton and sachet powder, using violet, heliotrope, and orris-root, and tie the tops with narrow ribbon of a contrasting shade. Then get a little hammered-brass tray large enough to hold eight or ten of these bags, arrange them on it in careless fashion, and your 'tray of sweets' is complete."

"Katrina," said Kitty, "you are a dear. I'll make a tray for Aunt Mattie's new reception-room, where your scarf is to go."

Then the three girls betook themselves to work, and when each was sewing away busily Katherine declared that it was her turn to speak.

"I have a very important communication to read to the club, so please give your earnest attention and be ready to discuss the subject when I have finished."

And with this injunction Katherine unfolded a letter and read:

"Oakwood, *Oct.* 30, 1886.

"My Dear Nieces: This morning I awoke to the pleasant realization that Thanksgiving—the one happy time in the year when I am permitted to have a glimpse of you all under my own roof—is drawing very near. I am anxious to make the reunion this year an occasion to be long remembered by all, and so I come to you with the plea that you will put your four young minds into their thinking caps, and evolve some entirely new schemes for the entertainment of my guests. I shall expect you all for the two days as in time past. Of course, we must have a few of the usual customs and games for the sake of 'auld lang syne,' but for the rest do think up something that we have never had before, and confer a great favor upon your loving old

"Aunt Katherine."

"She isn't old a bit," was Kitty's first comment.

"Of course not," assented Katrina.

"And she's our fairy god-mother," said Katherine. "So, of course, we must do our very best in this case. Has any body an idea? Kate, there is a far-seeing look in your eyes. What do you behold?"

"The man in the moon," answered Kate. "Yes, I do, really"—as the girls laughed—"but wait until next time. I have an idea, but it requires more thought."

"I think I can promise something new in the way of dinner cards," said Kate. "I have just thought of something that will be quite a striking change. Last year, you know, we had little pieces of birch-bark at each place, bearing the names, with a rose-bud stuck through one corner, but this year—well, wait until you see."

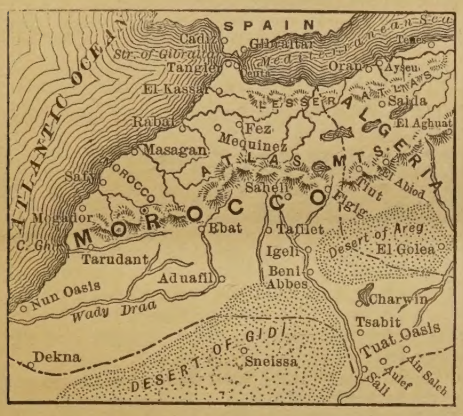
"You are very mysterious maidens," said Kitty. "I can think of nothing more exciting than a simple little game that I think we have never tried."

"Let us all save our ideas until next time," said Katherine, and with this understanding the meeting finally adjourned.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Morocco.

(Area, 219,000 sq. miles; population, 2,750,000; ruler, Sultan, Muley-Hassan.)



THE Empire of Morocco, the last of the "Barbary States" to retain its independence, occupies the north-western angle of the African continent. Upon the north it is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, these great bodies of water being connected by the narrow Strait of Gibraltar. On the south is the desert of Sahara, and on the east is the French province of Algeria. The Atlas Mountains traverse the country from east to west, dividing the rivers of the north from those which flow southward and are lost in the sands of the desert. The climate of the coast region is mild, but the sections which are exposed to the winds from the desert experience violent changes and extremes of heat and cold. The productions are chiefly those of southern Europe, grain, sugar-cane, cotton, tobacco, and hemp being the principal crops. Figs, almonds, pomegranates, oranges, and lemons are the common fruits. The population is so scanty that wild beasts abound. Lions, hyenas, wild boars, and deer are often found. Camels and asses are bred for domestic use, although most of the farm work is performed by oxen. Lead, tin, and rock salt are the leading minerals. The foreign trade is chiefly with Great Britain and France, and is transacted for the most part through the port of Tangier. The finest leather (morocco), wool, almonds, and cattle are the articles exported.

The population, the size of which is extremely uncertain, is composed mainly of the dark-skinned Moors, with a mingling of Arabs and Jews. There are but 1,500 Christians in the country. The religion of the Moors is Mohammedan, but it differs materially from the form of faith which is accepted in Turkish countries. The sultan is the absolute head of Church and State. There is nothing resembling representative government in the empire. The sultan is aided by a cabinet of ministers of his own choosing. At his capital cities, Fez and Morocco, he maintains a large body-guard of soldiers officered by Europeans. The government is oppressive, and the common people are mercilessly taxed for its support.

The Moorish monarchy was established in the fifteenth century. In the seventeenth century it was reorganized and strengthened, and became extensive and powerful. At the beginning of the present century its ships levied contributions upon the nations doing business in the Mediterranean. But in 1814 Christian slavery was abolished, and three years later the Moorish pirates were deprived of government support. In 1844, 1851, and 1856 disputes arose with France, but were settled without serious results. In 1859 the Spanish flag was insulted at Ceuta, and Spain invaded the country and brought the sultan to terms. He gave the Spaniards increased commercial privileges, and ceded to them several coveted points of his territory.

The Results of the Elections.

THE elections which occurred November 2 in thirty-five States were both State and national. Members of the next House of Representatives were to be chosen by direct vote of the people, and in eighteen States Legislatures were to be elected whose duty it will be to fill vacancies in the U. S. Senate.

It is too early to give in precise figures the results of the Congressional elections, but it is certain that the Democratic majority, which in the present Congress is forty-three, will be less than fifteen in the next House of Representatives.

Of the Senate less can be said. The Republicans have in that body at present forty-two members out of seventy-six. As nearly as can now be determined from the imperfect legislative returns, the next Senate will contain forty Republicans and thirty-six Democrats. Upon a joint ballot the Democrats will have a small majority.

The States may be classified by their vote for governor, etc., as follows:

Republican: New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Kansas, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Nevada, Nebraska.

Democratic: Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Florida, Texas, Tennessee, South Carolina, Missouri, Colorado, California.

In New Hampshire and Connecticut a majority of all votes cast is necessary to elect, and as the vote this year is so divided among four candidates that no one of them has a majority, the election will be by the Legislature. The governors of these States will be Republicans.

Besides the State and national elections the mayoralty contest in New York city attracted universal attention. There were 220,000 votes cast for the four candidates for this position, distributed as follows: Hewitt (Dem.), 90,500; George (Labor), 68,000; Roosevelt (Rep.), 60,500; Wardwell (Pro.), 576. Mr. Hewitt was elected by a plurality of about 22,000 votes.

Several weeks ago we called the attention of our readers to two influences which were working in this campaign. These were the Prohibitionists and the working-men. The former organization appears to have gained strength since the last election, the votes received by its nominees in New Jersey, Ohio, Connecticut, and other States showing a slow but certain increase. The Labor vote in New York city, represented by the supporters of Mr. George for mayor, has assumed wonderful proportions. This vote, if kept together, will hold the balance of power in this State, and so in the nation in the next presidential election. In Chicago the Labor vote numbered 18,000, electing a Congressman and several members of the Legislature. In New Jersey and one or two other States the few Labor men in the Legislature will possibly be able to decide which party shall have the United States senator.

A general survey of the results of the voting yields these conclusions, that the Democrats control the House by a largely reduced majority, while the Republicans retain their hold upon the Senate by a slender margin. In the West the free-trade issue has defeated a number of prominent Democrats, while several prominent Eastern Republicans have been beaten apparently because they were protectionists. The Prohibitionists continue to make a few converts from the old parties, and the Labor men here and there give evidence of a power which if earnest and united may play a deciding part in the contest of 1888.

England's Interference in Bulgaria.

THE course of events in Bulgaria since the abdication of Prince Alexander is easily outlined. The government was placed in the hands of a regency to be administered until the people and the Powers could agree upon a new ruler. The regency was anti-Russian, and the czar sent an envoy—General Kaulbars—to represent the interests of Russia in Bulgaria at this critical time. The regency ordered elections to be held for members of the Sobranje, or great assembly, which is to chose the new prince. General Kaulbars pronounced the elections illegal. The regency determined to punish the captors of Alexander, but the czar's envoy protested so fiercely that the regency could only submit and release the prisoners. In fact, General Kaulbars seems to have been instructed to ferment a quarrel which might open the door to Russian interference in Bulgaria. Russian gun-boats lie in the Bulgarian port of Varna ready to support the dignity of their imperial master.

At this juncture news comes that the British minister to Turkey has received instructions from his government to demand a conference of the Powers to settle the Bulgarian question and to stay the hand of the czar in that principality. The stand of England is firm, and the wonder is that the Powers have so long watched with apparent indifference the high-handed and dictatorial manner in which the Russian agent has dealt with the Bulgarians. The Sobranje is now in session, and its patriotic members who were despondent at their isolated position will take new courage from this positive move on the part of Great Britain.

A Brief Survey.

THE President's proclamation appoints Thanksgiving for Nov. 25.——The will of Mrs. A. T. Stewart, of New York, divides the bulk of her estate among relatives. The property is valued at $20,000,000.——There were slight earthquake shocks at Charleston, S.C., Oct. 31, making twenty-eight shocks during the month of October. The fatal shock was on the last day of August, and it was followed by thirty slight disturbances in September.——Harvard College celebrated the 250th anniversary of its founding Nov. 6–8. President Cleveland was present, and most of the prominent institutions of learning in the East sent delegates.——Hans Beattie, Surveyor of the Port of New York, was shot at and seriously wounded in his office at the Custom-house Nov. 1 by a discharged employee.——The decrease of the national debt in October was $13,201,619.——Cutting, the American citizen who was imprisoned in Mexico, has filed with the U. S. State Department a claim of $50,000 against Mexico for illegal imprisonment.——six thousand beef-packers in the Chicago stock-yards went on a strike Nov. 1.

The Portuguese trading colony of Mozambique, East Africa, is harassed by a serious war with the natives.——On Sunday, Oct. 31, a census was taken of the attendance at the London churches. The morning attendance was 460,000; the evening, 410,000. Mr. Spurgeon's church leads the list with a morning congregation of 4,519, and an evening congregation of 6,070.——An Afghan tribe has revolted, and the Ameer has sent out troops to bring them to subjection.——Great damage has been caused by floods in northern Italy.

John D. Knox, of the firm of JOHN D. KNOX & CO., *Investment Bankers*, Topeka, Kan., has just returned home from a successful business trip East. This house was established in 1874, and has invested millions of dollars to the satisfaction of its customers, and among them 200 ministers. Mr. KNOX showed us a pamphlet the house has just issued for free distribution, explaining their *mode of business*, and giving references and testimonials. Give them a trial. They propose to give satisfaction. "KNOX'S INVESTOR'S GUIDE" sent free.

Hoarseness Promptly Relieved.

The following letter to the proprietors of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" explains itself:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, April 12, 1884.

"*Gentlemen: The writer, who is a tenor singer, desires to state that he was so hoarse on a recent occasion, when his services were necessary in a church choir, that he was apprehensive that he would be compelled to desist from singing, but by taking three of your 'Bronchial Troches' he was enabled to fully participate in the services. Would give my name, but don't want it published.*"

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are sold only in boxes, with the fac-simile of the proprietors on the wrapper. Price, 25 cents.

Publishers' Department.

OUR YOUTH,

PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers,

805 Broadway, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, - - - $1 25 per year.

Subscriptions should commence December 1 or June 1.

To all new subscribers for 1887 the paper will be sent free from the beginning of the month in which their subscriptions are received by us, to the commencement of the new volume, December 1, 1886.

We can supply back numbers, in sets, from the beginning, if desired, at the regular subscription price. Write for sample copies and terms to agents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary rate, twenty cents per agate line each insertion. Cash in advance. Reading notices, thirty cents per agate line. Net cash. No discount on reading notices. (One inch counts 14 lines.)

DISCOUNTS ALLOWED

according to the amount of the order, at the ordinary rate.

On $50 and over	25 per cent.
On $100 and over	30 " "
On $200 " "	35 " "
On $300 " "	40 " "
On $400 " "	45 " "
On $500 " "	50 " "

Copy should be received by us ten days before the date of the paper in which it is to appear.

All advertisements received subject to approval.

Sample copies free on application.

In ordering goods, or in making inquiry concerning any thing advertised in this paper, you will oblige the publishers, as well as the advertiser, by stating that you saw the advertisement in OUR YOUTH.

EVERY ISSUE of OUR YOUTH contains a request that the readers of the paper will mention it in corresponding or otherwise dealing with our advertisers.

We suppose every reader understands the object of this request. People who advertise like to know whether they are reaping any benefit from their advertising, and what periodicals the benefit, if any, is derived from. Particularly is this so when they are trying a new periodical. Ordinarily, the only means they have of knowing is the reference which customers make to the different papers in their correspondence or over the counters. Some advertisers have the matter systematized to such an extent that they open an account with the different papers in which they advertise, crediting each with the number of letters received which refer to it, and even with the amount of goods ordered in such letters.

The matter of advertising is one in which the subscribers for OUR YOUTH are personally interested, for the reason that every dollar received from that source contributes toward paying the cost of publication and the future improvement of the paper. The margin for profit with the present circulation is a minus quantity, and even with a very large circulation will be very small. We need every dollar which we can make from advertising to put into the paper.

Let us then urge you, first, to patronize our advertisers. They are reputable dealers—we do not admit any others—and they will serve you well. Secondly, in communicating with them mention this paper whether your communication be merely an inquiry or request for catalogue or price-list or whether it be an order for goods. And if you have seen the same advertisement in some other paper give OUR YOUTH the preference. It is one of the youngest, and it needs your influence with advertisers as much as any.

RENEW! RENEW!

OUR YOUTH is now approaching the conclusion of its first year. The new volume will begin December 1, 1886. It will continue its weekly visits to you through the ensuing year, PROVIDED you send on your RENEWAL in time. Let us urge you to do so AT ONCE, and so avoid the rush and delay at the close of the year.

EVERY SUBSCRIBER

ought to have a

BINDER.

It will keep the papers *smooth* and *clean*, and you can always *find them when you want them.* We supply the

VERY BEST KIND,

easy to use, simple, durable. The back and sides are of cloth, with the title OUR YOUTH stamped on the side in gilt. Price, post-paid, **One dollar.** Address,

PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers,
805 Broadway, New York.

WE WANT AN AGENT

In every town in the United States to represent OUR YOUTH. Liberal commissions. It will pay you. Address for particulars,

PHILLIPS & HUNT, New York.

A SAMPLE SELF-INKING STAMP, which will print your name, or name, business, and address, also 25 Visiting Cards, large catalogue, etc., all mailed free for 50 cents (stamps) to all who will be agents. **MODEL RUBBER STAMP CO., Baltimore, Md.**

EDUCATIONAL.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

"Can I Study a year in Boston?"
Write for the University Year-Book—"free copy."

SEYMOUR SMITH INSTITUTE,

Pine Plains, N. Y., prepares for College. Healthful, homelike, select, thorough. Address
Rev. A. MATTICE, A.M., *Principal.*

GLENWOOD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,

Matawan, Monmouth Co., N. J., (N. Y. & L. B. R.R.)
Enl'g'd Faculty, Thoro' Instruction, New Furn. and Apparatus. Board, Tuition, Light, Washing, etc., $60 per qr. 52d year begins Sept. 15. J. CALVIN RICE, A.M., *Prin.*

In ordering goods, or in making inquiry concerning any thing advertised in this paper, you will oblige the publishers, as well as the advertiser, by stating that you saw the advertisement in OUR YOUTH.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

New Music for Xmas.

Christmas Service No. 9. The PROMISED ONE.
A superior and entirely new Service of Scripture and song by Rev. ROBERT LOWRY. The selections are admirable, and the Songs have all been written for the present season. 16 pp.
Price, $4 per 100; 5 cts. each by mail.

Christmas Annual No. 17. —Contains beautiful Carols by favorite authors. An abundant supply of Songs for any Christmas Festival.
Price, $3 per 100; 4 cts. each by mail.

"Santa Claus' Home." Our New Christmas Cantata.
By Dr. W. H. DOANE. Is first-class in every particular. Splendid effects; easily rendered.
Sent on receipt of 25 cents.

A full Catalogue sent on request.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y.
CHICAGO HOUSE, 81 Randolph St.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery.

The Prince of Magazines for children from 4 to 10 years old. 32 pages each month of original Stories and Poems, beautifully illustrated with artistic and original drawings by the best living artists. Clubs with all Periodicals. News dealers sell it, Agents wanted. Send a two cent stamp for specimen copy.

One year, $1.50 **Single Copies, 15 cts.**
Russell Publishing Co, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Send for **E. B. TREAT'S** of new books, including **Mother, Home and Heaven.** 400 best authors. Prose and Poetry. Edited by Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D. $2.75 by mail. **180,000 sold.**

Curiosities of the Bible (10,000) pertaining to persons, places and things, with Key. Also Bible Studies, Prayer topics, &c. Introduction by J. H. Vincent, D.D. 606 pages—$2.

WOMEN'S HAND-BOOK, $2. JUST ISSUED. A lady wanted in every town to introduce it. **Quick Sales. Big Pay.**

Address E. B. TREAT, Pub., 771 Broadway, N. Y.

D. NEEDHAM'S SONS,
116-118 Dearborn Street,
CHICAGO.

Red Clover Blossoms, and **Fluid and Solid Extracts of the Blossoms.** The **best blood purifier** known. A remedy for Cancer, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles, Whooping Cough, etc. Send for circular. *Mention paper.*

We have a few complete sets of the numbers of the

FIRST VOLUME

OF

OUR YOUTH,

which we have had

BOUND IN FULL CLOTH.

All subscribers who did not commence with the first number of OUR YOUTH would do well to

Procure this Bound Volume,

And so *make their sets complete* from the beginning of the paper.

We can supply the bound volume, in either **Blue or Brown Cloth,** post-paid, for **$1 50.**
The second volume will be ready in December.

PHILLIPS & HUNT, New York.

PERRY & Co's STEEL PENS

Of Superior Quality, 24 Samples different styles, for trial, including the famous **"U," Falcon,** and **Stub** pens, by mail, on receipt of 20 cents. Ask for Card No. 18.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & Co.,
Sole Agents. 753 B'WAY, N.Y.

Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—A new book is entitled "Hold Up Your Heads, Girls." We trust that they wont as long as they wear the present style of hat.—*Boston Post.*

—A contemporary says: "We consumed much more pig-iron the first six months of this year than during the corresponding period of last year." Better move back to the old boarding-house.—*New Haven News.*

—"Ah, Mrs. Tompkins, that's a fine boy," said Flumley, patting the landlady's son on the head. "What do you intend making of him?"

"Well, I think of making a policeman of him. He never can be found when he's wanted."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A small boy surprised his teacher at one of the grammar schools recently by asking her how far a procession of the Presidents of the United States would reach if they were placed in a row. On her expressing her ignorance he calmly announced, "From Washington to Cleveland."—*Springfield Republican.*

—The Chicago "News" says: "One thing is obvious—that all the wives ought to be put under ground." Possibly it means wires.

—There is a rumor that Senator Hale, of Maine, is trying to buy a New York newspaper.—*Ex.* It is singular that a public man cannot spend two cents without being itemized in the papers.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—A resident of a suburb of Philadelphia traded his white cow for a black one. His small boy, not understanding the dicker, had this information for his father when he came home that evening:

"Papa, they've tuk our white bossie away, an' put an old black in there, an' I tell you, sir, if there's any black milk on the tea-table to-night I wont drink it."—*Independent.*

—A French journalist takes his oath that he found the following in an English newspaper: "Notice to Heirs.—Samuel S——'s Extract of Onions, without smell and not causing any irritation, is the best extract in the market for producing the most plentiful supply of tears. Two shillings a large bottle, one shilling a half-bottle. Be sure and see that the signature is on the bottle. Slightly moisten the under part of the eyelid with the liquid."—*Tid-Bits.*

—There seems to be cannibals in Ireland. At least we are told that an eating-house in Dublin displays the notice,

"Sailors' vitals cooked here."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Below the Salt.—Female pew-opener (aghast)—"He's a-goin' in the free seats, and arsked for a 'ymn book!"

Male ditto—"Like his imperence. Them free-seaters'll be wantin' 'assicks next!"—*Funny Folks.*

A Wicked Little Boy.—Bobby—"Ma, you don't want me to play with wicked boys, do you?"

Mother—"No, indeed, Bobby?"

Bobby—"Well, if one little boy kicks another little boy, isn't it wicked for him to kick him back?"

Mother—"Yes, Bobby, very wicked."

Bobby—"Then I don't play with Tommy White any more. He's too wicked. I kicked him this morning, and he kicked me back."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Magistrate—"Is it a furriner yez are?"

Prisoner—"Si, signor; me from Italia; me sella fresh roasted peanut."

"Oi thought yez were a furriner. Oi kin always tell a furriner by his accint."—*Christian Guardian.*

—During the cholera epidemic in Nashville, Tenn., the late Dr. Bowling attended an old blind Negro who eked out an existence by playing the flute at the street corners. He recovered, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, he took his flute and sat under the doctor's bedroom window and played it the whole night long. Of all the large fees he ever received the doctor said this was the largest.—*Medical Record.*

—This story is revived of the late Dr. Thompson, master of Trinity, Cambridge, England. Dean Howson was preaching at St. Mary's. Coming out a friend remarked to the master,

"You looked very thoughtful during the sermon."

"Yes," said he, "I was thinking what a very clever man Mr. Conybeare must be!"

(Conybeare & Howson's "Life of St. Paul" has lately been published.)—*Ex.*

The Physician's Favorite.

A predigested, non-irritating, easily assimilated food indicated in all weak and inflamed conditions of the digestive organs, either in infants or adults.

☞It has been the positive means of saving many lives, having been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

The Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for $1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists, 25c., 50c., $1.00.

☞*A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.*

WELLS, RICHARDSON, & CO., Burlington, Vt.

FOR DYSPEPSIA,

Mental and Physical Exhaustion,

Nervousness, Weakened Energy,

INDIGESTION, Etc.

Horsford's
ACID PHOSPHATE.

A liquid preparation of the phosphates and phosphoric acid.

Recommended by physicians.

It makes a delicious drink.

Invigorating and strengthening.

Pamphlet free.

For sale by all dealers.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

☞BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Moores Pills, positive cure for never fail... C.C. Moore, N.Y.City **CHILLS**

In writing to advertisers mention Our Youth.

Rev H C Millman

WILBUR'S COCOA-THEA

The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. ☞Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK.

No preparation and only a common pen needed. Established **50 Years.** Superior and popular for decorative work on linen. Rec'd Centennial **Medal & Diploma.** Sold everywhere.

A Notable Offering of

RICH NOVELTIES IN

SILK, VELVET, AND PLUSH EFFECTS AT ABOUT HALF THEIR ORIGINAL PRICE, WILL BE MADE DURING THE REMAINDER OF THIS MONTH. ALTHOUGH BEING LAST SEASON'S IMPORTATION, THE DESIGNS AND COMBINATIONS ARE EQUALLY AS SELECT AND DESIRABLE AS OTHER COLLECTIONS THAT ARE NOW OFFERED AT FULLY DOUBLE THE PRICE. APPROPRIATE SILK TEXTILES FOR FORMING COMBINATIONS TO MATCH. AN INSPECTION IS CORDIALLY INVITED.

James McCreery & Co.,
Broadway and Eleventh St.,
NEW YORK.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated **Teas** and **Coffees**, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

THE

Washington's New Policy.

THE WASHINGTON LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York presents the public with a

NEW POLICY,

comprising a combination of qualities which **makes it the perfection of life insurance.**

The Washington has these strong points to offer:

Residence, travel, and occupation unrestricted after two years.

An incontestable policy after three years.

Immediate settlement of claims.

Non-forfeitable dividends.

Dividends at end of first year.

Annual dividends from date of policy.

Steady growth for twenty-six years.

Surplus, nearly **$1,000,000.**

Assets, **$8,000,000.**

Office: 21 Courtlandt Street, New York.

W. H. BREWER, Jr., *President.*

AN EASY WAY TO MAKE MONEY.
Get one of our Photo' Outfits, with which ANY ONE CAN MAKE PICTURES.
Illustrated catalogue free.
LOEBER BROS., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE
Of any kind, send stamp to **A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio,** for large Illustrated Price List of NEW and SECOND-HAND MACHINES. Second-hand BICYCLES taken in exchange.
BICYCLES Repaired and Nickel Plated.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS

For Sale by all Stationers.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., 26 John St., N. Y.